

FEMININE FANCY



What are you doing here, fair Poulette,
At the broad of day by the summer sea,
In the garb you wore at the ball, my pet,
Of the Cercle Français de l'Harmonie?

What will they think of you, rash Poulette,
In the scandalous togs of the blithe-some show?
The prudish maids of the bathing set
Have slanderous tongues in their heads, you know!

F. C. D.



Emmie—She used to say he was a perfect angel. Does she think he is perfect yet?
Helen—Yes.
Emmie—A perfect angel?
Helen—No, a perfect idiot.



FIG LEAVES.

Edith—My husband says if there were no dressmakers' bills to pay life would be a paradise.
Gladys—But this climate is not suitable for the costumes worn there.

Beginning That Failed

By Morris Wade.

HE was a young and callow youth, and it was his first experience as a book agent. He had been made to believe that he would sell his book, "The Galaxy of Universal Information," to the very first person to whom he offered it after the course of training he had received from the firm offering the book for sale. He was prepared to "accost easily and pleasantly" the first person who might be a possible customer, and he was full of self-confidence and youthful hopefulness as he approached a white-capped and motherly looking old Irish woman standing in the entry of a tenement house. There was friendliness in her smile and her blue eyes had a kindly twinkle in them.

"Good morning, madam," said the callow agent, as he lifted his hat.

"Good mornin', me boy."

"Fine mornin', isn't it?"

"It is that same. Wan nade not ask for a plisinter day?"

"I have a book here that I would like to show you, if I may."

"A buk is it? Well, well! Luk at that now! An' phwat koinde av a buk moight it be?"

"It is a very fine publication, just out, and one that should be in every home."

She patted her wrinkled hands together softly and said, with a deepening of her friendly smile:

"Luk at that now!"

"It is called 'The Galaxy of Universal Information.'"

"Is it so? An' phwat moight it ar be about?"

"Its title indicates its contents. Have you a family?"

"I'm livin' an' four dead, an' ar av 'em childer to be proud av, if Oi that shouldn't do say it."

"Then my book will surely interest you. It contains so much information in—"

"Is it givin' the buk away yeez are?"

"Not quite, but I am selling it at such a remarkably low rate that it is about the same as giving it away. Just let me show you some of the pictures. Look at the binding of the book."

She rubbed her hand on her checked gingham apron and laid the tips of her fingers on the book.

"It do be very fine," she said.

"Nothing finer for the money. It would be a fine gift for each of your children when they marry. Are any of them married?"

"Ari but me girul Judy, an' she's spoke for by Tim O'Hoolihan, him that drives the oice-cart on this strate. A foine lad is Tim. He's his tin dollars a wake, me boy! Molke he hired a hall for it, me tinneint not bein' a tinth big enough for arl as was bidden to come. There was an archestry av folve places for de dancin', an' Oid had av yeez to know that de Aridorman from dis war-d an' his wiffe was in attendance, an' dresseed loike a quane she was, an'—"

"I wish that you would just examine the binding of this book, please. It is—"

"An' Molke is on de foorce now, an' him an' Norah do be livin' at de top av de heap, wid a slavin' room, thymint an' Brussels carpets an' plush chairs an' 'lectric bells an' arl that. It's on Tinth strate they do be livin', an' if you should foind yourself in that locality an' yeez had a moind to call it's Norah herself as would loike enough mek yeez a cup o' tay an'—"

"This book contains information on four thousand six hundred and ninety-nine topics and—"

"Did anny wan iver!" she said, with uplifted hands. "It tuk a man of l'arnin' to write arl that, now didn't it, by? Shure an' l'arnin' is a gr-r-r-eat thing an' Oive a mither's honest pride in sayin' that the whole tin av me childer can rade an' write beautiful. If yeez will wait a minnit Oi'll go up an' bring yeez down some av me bye—"

Tim's writin' that come natchrel to the lad. His brains arl run to intelleck anyhow, an' he's at the hid av de Walters' Union this day, an' de head push in wan av de folnest atin' places in de city, an' it's him that writes out de menny ca-a-r-rs, as they call them. You know phwat Oi mane—de car-r-r-rs de folks pick out what they'll ate from. It's an illigant thing to write de hand me bye Tim writes an' to have de shape wan must have as a hid push in a dinin' room, so!"

"This book contains a good deal that would interest your son as well as—"

"Patsy, me second bye, niver was wan for l'arnin' loike Timmy, but it's nobody's fool is Patsy or he wouldn't be havin' his twinty dollars a wake, as he has had these folve years, an' a dollar av it comin' iver wake to his old mither, arlthough he's a wofe an' three babies av his own to luk after. Shop where yeez are a minit an' Oi'll show yeez somethin' yeez don't often see in this day. It's a loikness av me fourteen childer arl on wan paper before Oi lost anny av them. Oi hear that Prisdint Rosyfelt is givin' de country a good scoldin' because of there not bein' enough babies to kape up de poppylation. It'd relice him to see me tin, now wouldn't it, lad? God be praised for iver wan av them. Oi only wisht Oi had the four oi lost. It's no credit to wan to have a small family whin wan moight have a dozen. Oim wid de Prisdint on that. Wait till Oi show yeez the photograph av me twilve."

She turned and climbed two flights of stairs, but when she returned with the "photograph" of the "twilve" in her hand the book agent was nowhere to be seen. He had gone on his way with something added to his own "Galaxy of Universal Information."

De Doin's of Lil' Boy Black: Told by Minny Maud Hanff

VII.—How de Chile Sabed Five Libes.

WHILE wand'r'in down de alley once wif nuffin' 'tall to do 'Cept hab de mostes' fun he could an' get in mischief, too, Dat Lil' Black Boy seen a sight dat almost made him cry— Some boys was worryin' a cat till it was fit to die! Dey'd tied a bucket to its tail, dey'd pelted it wif stones, Dey dragged it 'roun' an' tumbled it enough to break its bones! "What you all doin' wif dat cat?" dat Lil' Black Boy cried. "Why, can't you see you'se killin' it?" Dose wicked boys replied: "It's fo' de sake ob science dat dis animal mus' die!" We'se got to prove a theory am jes' a foolish lie. We heashed de people say a cat has got nine lives to lib— Dis cat we'se gwine to kill off quick an' prove dat tale a fib! We drowned him in de water—but he done come back to life; We'se beated him an' burned him; now we'se got to use de knife." "So fah, how often has he died?" inquired Lil' Boy Black (A-plannin' how to save de cat, an' full ob clever tact). "By water once; by fire once," dose drefull boys replied; "By sticks an' stones anudder time, an' once by fright de died. So dat makes four lives he done libed, an' if he's got five mo'— As 'cordin' to dat theory—we'se gwine to prove it so." "Look hyah," said Lil' Boy Black to dem, "I'll fight you fo' de five. Remainin' lives—an' if I win I gets de cat alive!" Dey laffed, an' cried:—"You silly coon! You couldn't whip dis crowd."

An' science comes befo' our fun, so fightin' ain't allowed."

"You'se jes' afraid!" cried Lil' Boy Black; "I won't take no excuse; You'se 'traid to fight me fo' de cat, so I'll jes' tura her loose!"

No boy's gwine let you call him 'traid, so dey agreed to fight, One at a time—po' Lil' Boy Black, he sho' seemed in a plight, But fairies mus' hab been aroun' to help him win each match— He jes' knocked eb'ry fellow out an' nebbe' got a scratch!

An' when de fight was done he said:—"Now you got heaps ob proof Dat cats hab got mo' lives dan boys! You'se done for—dat's de trufe! Fo' dah you am—laid low by me! You sho'ly am a wreck, But nex' time you'll leabe cats alone, an' science, too, I 'speek!"

He took po' pussy in his arms an' to her den he said:—"Yo' lost fo' lives, but you done fin' a home wif me instead! You'll lib so com'f'able an' snug, de lives what's lef'll seem, Wif me an' mammy by you, like yo' nine lives in a dream!"

Pitiable Fate.

Knicker—Sad about Jones' death.
Bocker—Yes. Just think of an after dinner speaker having to join the silent majority!

Smoke, Not Gas.

Dubbs—Chubb's wife smokes; does he permit it?
Tubbs—Yes, because it makes her keep her mouth shut occasionally.

IDYL OF THE PERIOD: By May Isabel Fisk

By May Isabel Fisk.

THE girl was just emerging from the woodland path as the man rounded a turn in the hedge, and thus they met face to face.

"Sandy!—I mean Mr. Bartlett—well, of all things! You are the last person I expected to see here this summer."

"Greta!—I shall stick to that if you do Mr. Bartlett me."

"I know, but you know, I know! Oh, bother, what's the matter with my tongue?"

"A bit rattled?" suggested the man.

"Rattled? I like that. Certainly not—the gamut of all crimson staining her pretty face. "Just because last summer we had a little—little—"

"Flirtation?" suggested the man.

"Flirtation?" echoed the girl, reproachfully. "Oh, Sandy—Mr. Bartlett—was it only flirtation to you? I believed in you so, and—"

"Greta, my dear, I was just as much in earnest as you; believe me I was."

The girl's eyes had sought the ground. She appeared to be searching for something. "Do you know, I am afraid I have dropped one of my shell sidecombs. Would you mind looking?"

There was silence while the young man poked about in a fruitless endeavor to find the missing article.

"Why, here it is," said the girl, "right in my hair. I never lost it at all. How stupid of me."

The young man straightened himself up, but made no comment as he brushed his trowsers free from bits of adhering moss.

"Tell me," said the girl, "how did you happen to come back here this summer? It certainly is odd that we should both have returned here again."

The young man smiled down upon her. "Oh, I? Well, it really wasn't my desire—Why, of course, what am I saying—?" He bent closer to her. "I think I became aware in some occult fashion, that you would be here—I wanted to be near you again. Greta, I!"

"Oh, please," broke in the girl, glancing nervously about.

"Really, you mustn't. I had no idea—"

"Greta," he demanded, indignantly, "do you mean, then, you were not in earnest last year?"

The girl hesitated an instant. "You wrong me, Sandy; I was just as much in earnest as you were."

Another silence ensued. After a time the girl carefully regarded her companion from the corner of her eye.

"You must have known," she began slowly, "it was all because of that hateful red-headed girl staying with your sister. What on earth you could have seen to admire in her, I never saw any one speak to her but you."

The young man was fidgeting about, looking most uncomfortable.

"What is it?" said the girl, "spiders?"

"No, no. I was just thinking how cruelly unjust you were in your suspicions. Will you kindly tell me what gave rise in your mind to these imaginings?"

"You met her at the station and drove her to your sister's house. Then I saw you walk across the lawn with her one afternoon. True, one of your sister's children was with you."

"Is that all?"

"All I saw," jolly. "I can imagine the rest. I have never known my judgment to be at fault in such matters."

"And for this—this—"

"Serious attentions to the red-haired girl," she supplied.

"You threw me and permitted the attentions of that dog, that jackanapes, Andrews, who followed you from morning till night and I!"

"Look!" broke in the girl, "if there isn't that red-haired minx coming right here toward us. Good heavens! How delectable she is! I never had so close a view of her before. To think!"

"And if there isn't that jackanapes of an Andrews walking straight over here. What's he doing here?"

"Mr. Andrews—I will thank you not to refer to him again in insulting terms—has, I fancy, plenty 'doing here,' as I am Mrs. Andrews."

"Indeed," replied the man, "and as to the—"

"Let me forestall you—you are about to say the lady approaching is Mrs. Bartlett (trust a woman's instinct—I knew it all the time)—"

"Not at all," responded the young man, "it is my sister's nursemaid. I presume one of the kids has the pip or something and she has sent for me. So, goodbye, Greta, I am glad to have seen you. Good morning!"



SHE KNEW HIM.

The Other One—Poor thing! He probably gave it to her, and counted the petals first.

SUMMER SONG OF SIMPLE, SENTIMENTAL SAM.

I've a sort of funny feeling in my heart for ev'ry girl; (Of course, it's understood she must be fair); She keeps my brain a-whizzing in that most peculiar whirl, Which puts a fellow's heart strings on the wear. Ev'ry girl for miles around has my foolish falling foun; How she delights my mind with stories sweet to cram. My tame heart twirls in its joy when she calls me her dear boy. And, laughing, dubs me Simple, Sentimental Sam.

The girls to me are magnets; I'm an ordinary nail; They drive me and they draw me as they please. To do their bid I'm ready, and though oft they at me rail, In their company I try to feel at ease.

The candy man, he knows me; the ice cream man, he knows me; Wherever sweets are sold they know just who I am. I'm a ninny, I show it; the precious girls they know it. And how they push poor Simple, Sentimental Sam! SAMUEL E. HARRIS.

On the Deep Blue Sea,
"Feel hungry?" queried the white gull.
"I should say so," responded the gray gull.
"I didn't have anything to eat this morning but a Marseconigram."

By Telephone.
"Do you know who you are talking to?"
"No, and I don't care, as long as it isn't my wife."

He Could Sit.
Hewitt—I tell you I won't stand for it.
Jewett—Then go away back and sit down.